

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?
Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

Hor. I thinke she'll sooner proue a souldier, Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me: I did but tell her she mistooke her frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering, When (with a most impatient diuelliish spirit) Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them: And with that word she strooke me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way, And there I stood amazed for a while, As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute, While she did call me Rascall, Fidler, And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes, As had she studied to misse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench, I loue her tentimes more then ere I did, Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.
Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited. Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter, She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes: Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs, Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Maenet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere, And woo her with some spirit when she comes, Say that she saile, why then Ile tell her plaine, She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale: Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere As morning Roses newly washt with dew: Say she be mute, and will not speake a word, Then Ile commend her volubility, And say she vttereth piercing eloquence: If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks, As though she bid me stay by her a weeke: If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day When I shall aske the banes, and when be married. But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katherine.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.
Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me *Katherine*, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*, And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst: But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome, *Kate* of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*, For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate* Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation, Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne, Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded, Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A ioynd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beate, and so are you,

Pet. Women are made to beate, and so are you.
Kate. No such lade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee, For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch, And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

Pet. Shold be, should: buzze.
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzzard take thee?
Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a Waspe does weare his sting? In his taile.
Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue?
Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman, *Kate*. That Ile trie.

Bap. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.
Kate. So may you loose your armes,

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman, And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald *Kate*: Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?
Pet. A comblese Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craue.
Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so fowre.

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab,
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not fowre.

Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares,

Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heere you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen, And now I finde report a very liar:

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a scone, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke: But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe? Oh sland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels: Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:

O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Pet. Am I not wise?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed: And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented That you shall be my wife: your dowry greed on,

And will you, will you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well, Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*, And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate* Conformable as other household *Kates*:

Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall, I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?)

Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my *Pet.* How but well first show but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?)
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,

To will me wed to one halfe Lunaticke, A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,

That thinks with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world

Thar talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her: If she be curst, it is for pollicie,

For shee's not froward, but moderate as the Doue, Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,

For patience shee will proue a second *Griffell*, And *Romane Lucrece* for her chastitie:

And to conclude, we haue greed so well together, That vpon sonday is the wedding day.

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first. (first.)
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay the godnight our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? 'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company. Itell you 'tis incredible to beleuee

How much shee loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*, Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse

Shee v'd so fast, protesting oath on oath, That in a twinke shee won me to her loue.

Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see How tame when men and women are alone,

A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew: Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*

To buy apparell gainst the wedding day; Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,

I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your hands,

God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. *Tra.* Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu, I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,

We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And

And kisse me *Kate*, we will be

Exit Petr.

Gre. Was euer match clapt
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now

And venture madly on a desper
Tra. T was a commodity l

'T will bring you gaine, or peris
Bap. The gaine I seeke, is q

Gre. No doubt but he hath
Bap. But now *Baptista*, to your yon

Now is the day we long haue l
Gre. I am your neighbour, and was

Tra. And I am one that lou
Gre. Then words can witness, or yo

Gre. Yongling thou canst n
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue d

Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age th

Tra. But youth in Ladies ey
Bap. Content you gentlemen

'Tis deeds must win the prize,
Tra. That can assure my daughter g

Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say signior *Gremio*, what can y

Gre. First, as you know, my
Tra. Is richly furnished with plate a

Bafons and ewers to laue her d
My hangings all of *tirian* tape

In luory cofers I haue stuf my
In Cyprus chests my arras coun

Costly apparell, tents, and Car
Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions b

Vallens of *Venice* gold, in need
Pewter and brasse, and all thing

To house or house-keeping: th
I haue a hundred milch-kine to

Six-score fat Oxen standing in
And all things answerable to th

My selfe am strooke in yeeres I
And if I die to morrow this is h

If whil'st I liue she will be onl
Tra. That only came well in

I am my fathers heyre and one
If I may haue your daughter to

Ile leaue her houses three or fo
*With*in rich *Pisa* walls, as any

Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Pad*
Besides, two thousand Duckets

Of fruitfull land, all which shal
What, haue I pincht you Signi

Gre. Two thousand Ducket
My Land amounts not to so mu

That she shall haue, besides an
That now is lying in *Marcellus*

What, haue I choakt you with
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne m

Then three great Argosies, besid
And twelue tire Gallies, these I

And twice as much what ere th
Gre. Nay, I haue offered all,

And she can haue no more ther
If you like me, she shall haue m

Tra. Why then the maid is
By your firme promise, *Gremio*

Bap. I must confesse your o
And let your father make her th